THE

BY THREE MEMBERS OF THE RACE Illustrations by a Fourth.

THOUGHTS AND



THE WEEK IN RHYME

By DANA BURNET.

CIR WOODROW preached prepared-From Gotham to Milwaukee. We trust the animal he rides Will not prove over-balky. The Zeppelins are dropping bombs Upon their next-door neighbors: Chicago, Ill., .Has had a chill,

And Villa ceased his labors.

The latest thing in honeymoons-If you have thoughts of mating-Is not to take a wedding trip, But merely to go skating. Ourselves deplore this sudden change, Young love should be a-sunning.

It is not meet To risk cold feet. So early in the running.



The Germans caught an English ship And hocked it for the Kaiser. The homing Argonauts of Peace Are sadder folk, but wiser. harles Whitman's Presidential boom Exploded prematurely. Hughes will not mix With politics-

The Colonel passed a restless week. Which is to say, he's normal. The murders on the Rio Grande Were really quite informal. Side whiskers will be countenanced

And Perkins smiles demurely.

In southern Mississippi. The hats of Spring Are on the wing. And we are feeling grippy.

ARE YOU GYROSCOPIC!

COME TIME age the scientists made a great discovery. They discovered that the top, which boys have played with from time immemorial, was not a top at all, but was a gyroscope. They found out that if you could put a top inside of a surface car and keep it spinning even enough and long enough that the car would run along without upsetting it. When the car went around curves and leaned over to one side the top leaned the other way, thus preserving the balance.

The scientists discovered that the top had an axis and that when you started to spin it you could point it any way and it would stay just where you pointed it. They got the top going. for example, and pointed it at the north star, and although the earth was moving around at the rate of seventeen feet a second, to say nothing of the way it was going through the air on way around the sun, neither of these mo tions made any difference to that top; it kept pointing to the north star.

The scientists discovered that if you wind up s top and then put one end of its axis to a string and hold it up in the air it will not only revoice around its axis but it will also revolve around the string—a kind of double motion in which it seeks very successfully to imitate the action of the world.

In other words, the world is only a top, and scientists called it a gyroscope because they like to use names which mystify people.

We have made another discovery which may be interesting. We have discovered that there are gyroscopes in people. Sometimes you see the thing in action where one man is able to go slong on one rall without upsetting just because

he has inside of him a good working gyroscope. Morgan, when he was alive, was a pretty successful gyroscope for Wall Street. Wilson proving himself to be a gyroscope for the country. The mother of children who knows how to manage her household affairs is a good example of a home gyroscope.

A great many people have run along gyroscopically until the gyroscope suddenly got out of order, and then there was the devil to pay. Napoleon's gyroscope carried him through to Waterloo, and then something happened.

'Tis said commuting makes a man Intrinsically rural.

A modern-minded Judge decreed That married folk are plural. The Philippines will soon be free If Congress can effect it.

The Japs approve Of such a move-So why should we dissect it?



Side whiskers in southern Mississippi.

Will Bryan plans a talking trip To pacify the nation. We always try to make a note Of every innovation.



We trust this animal will not prove balky

Palm Beach is very pleasant now-So says the railroad folder. The Spanish gown Has come to town-And we are fair and colder.

THE HIGH COST OF BABIES

CCORDING to a report issued by an institution in Chicago, the cost of raising a child has advanced about 40 per cent. in the last ten years.

Viewed from the standpoint of the parent, the process of raising children is the result of an impulse which, as the scientists and other experts assure us, springs from nature, and does not appear to have any relationship to eco-nomics. The mother has children because she likes to play dolls with them and—from the standpoint of economics—act foolishly over

It therefore comes as a kind of shock to be told in so many words that the cost of fondling a baby has gone up 40 per cent. A simple case which lasted two hours ten years ago has now 40 per cent. more economic value than

But is this going far enough? Should not some statistician, inspired by the highest motives, furnish us with a correct economic scale of a mother's love in order that we may be able to compare it with other products, and thus give it its proper place in the scheme of our wonderful civilization?

LIFE.

W HAT is life? It is supposed to be some thing that most people value highly, yet how few there are who are willing to preserve it. For example, every one talks about methods of attaining long life, yet no one cares to practise them. The commonest rules of health are constantly violated by the great Doctors know this, and rarely, majority. Doctors know this, and rarely, if ever, advise their patients how to live, but give them medicine to tide them over some temporary

Life has been called an illusion, a dream, a bubble, a curtain raiser and a forgetting. In reality, it is merely something that no man wants to part from too suddenly, but which he will always sell on the instalment plan to the highest bidder. The soldier gambles with the state for the price of his life, the immigrant with the miner, the rich man with luxury. At its best, life is only what we learn to

ACTIVITIES OF HERMIONE A Very Modern Young Woman

Oh, Sacrifice! Sacrifice! What is so great as Sacrifice!

Silver Fox furs for Christmas instead of Russian

I can't decide whether Silver Fox or Sables

And one must have one's Environment in har-

mony with one's Personality, don't you think, if

one is to Vibrate in unison with the Cosmic All?

Heredity had the greater effect upon Person-

to have had both a set of Sables and a set of

Silver Fox, one to match my Deeper Moods and

the other to match my more Buoyant Moments.

I'm such a creature of moods, if you get what

It shows Temperament, you know * * *

though Temperament is rather going out of fashion now, and Individuality is coming in. Have you ever thought deeply and earnestly

and seriously upon the effect Eugenics may have

upon the Composite Temperament of the Race'

group of modern thinkers, you know-and we're

going to give an entire evening to the subject

hurried modern life that claim the attention of

What a number of things there are in our

I would not be able to satisfy the demands upon me at all if I had not learned to Concen-

I concentrate a while upon one thing, and then

I concentrate a while upon another, you know

We're taking up Eugenics soon-our

and thresh it out thoroughly.

the serious thinker!

We had quite a debate the other day at one

Of course, the thing I should have done was

form the best background for my Temperament

gone, and I may have made a mistake!

and Personality, if you get what I mean.

. and here's the winter nearly

as to whether Environment or

the World, must one not? One must Sacrifice for one's Ideals! We Modern Leaders of

Oh, Sacrifice! Sacrifice! What is so great

Nearly every night before I go to bed I ask

myself: "Hermione, have you shown a spirit of sacrifice to-day? Have you been unselfish to-day? Or have you failed?"

I make a point of these little Spiritual Exami-

nations every evening before I Go Into the

to bring one into Closer Harmony with the

My Little Group of Advanced Thinkers took up the Infinite in quite a serious way recently. We gave an entire evening of Earnest Thought to it * and it's wonderful *

I often say to myself: "Hermione, how could

Aren't you just perfectly crazy about Vibra-

The loveliest man told us all about Vibrations

the other evening-our own little group of seri-

ous thinkers, you know.

He had such wonderful eyes! So magnetic!

So psychic! So compelling! So mystical! And

dressed like an East Indian Swami, you know.

et so pure! He had long wavy brown hair and he was

Aren't you just simply in love with Oriental

you get along without it?"

An Advanced Thinker must keep in Tune with it, if you get what I mean * * * must vibrate

just simply wonderful!

I just dole upon the Infinite! Don't you?

They seem, somehow, if you get what I mean.

Thought know what Sacrifice means!

BETWEEN my Woman's Club and my Scientific Cooking Class and my Club terment Movement and my Psychology Circle and my Friday Literary Lectures I have really quite neglected my Social Service Work for the last week. Isn't it dreadful! Just simply dreadful!

Don't you just dote on Social Service Work? It keeps one so in touch with the Masses, if you get what I mean.

Only last month a party of us-all Advanced Thinkers, you know, belonging to my own Little Group of Intellectuals-got into two of Papa's cars and went down to the Slums to see how the Other Half live. It was cold, of course, and of course one ran a risk of catching some of the of course one ran a risk of catching some of the terrible diseases they have in the Slums, but I had on the new Russian Sables Papa gave me for Christmas, and I was quite comfortable. Of course we didn't get out of the cars. Really, one can see quite enough destitution to make one's heart bleed without getting out of one's car this sort of weather.

An Advanced Thinker owes it to herself, don't An Advanced Thinger owes it to nerself, don't you think, to learn at first hand just how the Other Half lives? Once or twice, when the children gathered around the cars, we asked them where they lived and why they were so dirty and unsanitary, you know, and that sort of thing to show our Friendly Interest in them. I just dote on my Social Service Work! It

broadens one so, spiritually and intellectually, if you get what I mean. I think it is wonderful, just simply wonderful!

But I can't say that the Masses are really appreciative they are so dreadfully rude sometimes! Still one must expect to be Misunderstood if one is doing a Great Work for

Thought? I'm wild about it myself; it's won-

any one ever told you that you are not quite the same as other young women?"

Fancy his knowing that! It made me feel quite strange and eerle! It was mind reading.

I shouldn't be at all surprised if in a former incarnation I had been a Yogi, or a Rajah, or a howdah, or something quite Oriental like that. Or is it a Howdah? Anyhow it is wonderfully psychic and Oriental and rides upon an ele

We've hired this perfectly lovely man for a course of lectures. He will lecture at the Literary Club every Friday and at the Psy-chology Circle on Tuesdays. On Saturdays he will speak to my own little group of advanced thinkers at my home.
The loveliest thing about Advanced Thought

is the way it keeps one from spending one's time on Frivolity.

Don't you just utterly loathe Frivolity? I do! I'm going to open a Salon before long . . . we need a real Salon in this part of the world very badly, you know. Soon after it starts I'm going to have a Psychic Evening. I'm having the decorations and costumes designed now. My gown will match my Soul in color, if you get what I mean. One should dress, you know, in accordance with one's Psychic Colors * * to match one's Aura. I think, when I open my Salon, I will be able

to do a great deal of good in the way of reclaiming this town from Frivolity. I almost wished to-day that I had chosen

TALES OF A JEALOUS WIFE

BY THOMAS L. MASSON.

Tale Number 1. How Mrs. Peasely Got Even with the New Nurse.

TAROLD PEASELY came into the house in his usual manner. He had been thinking of late a good deal about business, and so when he walked through the hall and up the stairs his preoccupation was somewhat more intense than usual. Suddenly, however, in possibly a subconscious manner, he became aware that the baby was crying. He decided almost instantly what to do, and in another moment was directing his footsteps toward the nursery.

It is but just to Harold Peasely to say that at that moment he did not realize that the new nurse had arrived. The fact that the baby was

ing up children," said the nurse, who was partly trained, "he has safetypinitis. But again, according to the Muttmorensi system he needs four ounces of coordinated milk, from which every particle of nourishment has been scientifically excluded by the Edison storage better tifically excluded by the Edison storage battery unstabilizer. I am now going to toss up and see which system to adopt."
"Hand me the bottle," said Peasely. "I'll take

chance and feed him while you decide upon

At this moment Mrs. Pensely entered the room. When she saw what was taking place she gave one loud scream and fainted. Peasely carried her into the boudoir and waited for her to come to. He was going to kiss the nurse, but was saved by his sense of honor. "Never go back on a perfectly good woman when she is knocked out," he observed to himself.

When she came to there was a long silence.

Then his wife said bitterly:
"I saw that weman handing you a bottle of

"I saw that woman handing you a bottle or milk." Peasely smiled cynically. "Well, he said, "it might have been Jamaica rum or grape juice. What then?" "She must die!"

Peasely shrugged his shoulders. How blind men are. He thought she was kidding him.

"As you will." he said. "You madden and annoy me considerably by your unjust suspicions, but that is ever the fate of true virtue. If you want me I shall be in the garden medi-

"If you were true to me," said Mrs. Peasely, "you would not have entered the nursery. No American husband has entered a nursery now for at least six years, or since we had eugenics. betrayed herself when she handed you the fatal bottle. It may have contained only milk, but you cannot deny that it was a bottle."

"The one," she said to the maid, "tipped with silver and gold that has been handed down in our family for generations and which you will probably find the cook using in the kitchen to hop the ice with." In a moment the maid re-



He has safetypinitis.

taking care of it. If he had known about the new nurse, in view of what followed, there is reason to believe that he might have paused upon the threshold.

He did, however, enter the room.

Then he saw the new nurse, and he nodded to her. Mrs. Peasely, who had followed him down to the office that morning and had tracked him part way back, had lost the trail at Twelfth street owing to a blockade. She was therefore five minutes behind time, and when Peasely was nodding to the nurse she was only just coming up the front steps.
Peasely said to the nurse:
"You are a pretty fair looker, but don't let



She sharpened the knife on the bathtub.

on to any one in this house that I said so. We are surrounded by spies—not German spies, but common or garden domestic spies. What is the matter with the baby

"According to the Punksetti system of bring-

· · it's frightfully hard, you know, to keep from trying to concentrate upon three or four things at the same time, with all my intellectual interests, but of course one must not do that. Though it is better for one, don't you think, to concentrate upon too many things than never to concentrate at all?

Concentration! Concentration! Isn't concentration simply wonderful! What would we who are the leaders of modern thought do without it? I ask myself nearly every night I go to bed: "Have I concentrated sufficiently to-day? Or have I failed?"

Well, I must be going. I have a committee meeting at 3 o'clock. I think it is something about the City Beautiful Movement, though I'm not quite sure. It may be about Better Babies for the Poor, or it may be only something quite Belgian, if you get what I mean. I have so many committee meetings, you

THE BANQUET.

BANQUET is a function in which by pre-A concerted arrangement a number of people gather together in a large hall to have photographs taken by flashlight, to eat as large an amount of adulterated food as they can absorb in a given time, to smoke themselves into stupefaction with hired cigars and to listen to something which the man who is talking would not dure tell them if he was alone with them. Every banquet has a presiding office and a set of distinguished speakers. If any one desires to know what would happen to any human being who is obliged to attend banquets

Peasely went into the garden and his wife rang the bell for a carving knife. Mrs. Pensely sharpened it on the bathtub and

Then he saw the new nurse.

entered the nursery. Stabbing the nurse to the heart with the knife she rang the bell and requested the maid to call her husband. He came up from the garden calmly.
"My dear," he said, "what mad prank is

"I have only done my duty by myself and society. You must belp me remove the body. I intend to make you suffer."

Never! I'll support myself first! "You refuse?"

Mrs. Pensely her face suffused with righteous indignation, drew herself up to her full height. "Very well," she said, "the world shall know of this. I care not who writes the songs of my country so long as I can make my husband suffer." She rang the bell.

"What are you going to do, Merriam?" he asked hoursely, turning pale. She smiled.

"It is too late. I am going to send for a public nurse remover. They will think you did He laughed bitterly.

"That means," he said, "that I shall become famous as a nurse killer, get my name in all the papers, while you will be known all the rest of your life as only my wife. Aha! I shall be revenged!"

constantly he has only to look upon the faces of the waiters who serve the food. Their minds have long since been clubbed into insensibility. The object of a banquet is always to advertise somebody or something. You can read a \$1,200 advertisement in any magazine or weekly paper and recover from the effects immediately. But and recover from the effects immediately. when you attend an advertisement in the form of a banquet it takes all the way from twentyfour hours to a week to get over it—to say nothing of the reproaches which are likely to be heaped upon you by your disinterested who do not understand how a person whom they have hitherto assumed to be one of human intelligence can descend to such a primordial order of foolishness.

NOTIONS.

The wages of sin is debt.

Diplomatists and dentists make work for

other diplomatists and dentists. If the Russians ever do capture a warm water port, no doubt they'll shave.

Many a married couple stick together because neither one likes the idea of quarrelling with

Phere aren't any hick towns any more-they all take their celluloid in movie fillums instead of collars these days.

Alcohol, the Prohibitionists say, is burning out the nation's vitality " " soon the try will be full of publicans and cinders.